

## The World.

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## A FIVE-CENT PHONE FOR ALL NEW YORK.

THE EVENING WORLD'S campaign for cheaper and uniform telephone rates throughout New York City has already gathered an army of supporters and allies.

So thoroughly is public opinion aroused that the Public Service Commission has announced a hearing for next Monday to which dozens of civic organizations are preparing to send representatives.

But let New Yorkers see their case clearly and admit no evasion.

Officials of the New York Telephone Company to gain time have suggested that the Interstate Commerce Commission be allowed to complete an investigation of telephone property and rates.

The Interstate Commerce Commission has already on its hands the gigantic task of valuing the railroads of the United States. That task is no short one. Commissioner Prouty said yesterday that in any case the Commission cannot touch the telephone lines for several years.

Is New York to be satisfied meanwhile with promises, and to wait indefinitely for fair and equitable telephone rates?

Why drag in the Interstate Commerce Commission?  
Can our own Public Service Commission refuse to undertake this matter of vital interest to the citizens of New York? Are New Yorkers asking for anything that is not in the plain jurisdiction of their own Commission?

The public is now enlightened to a point where it will no longer be content with sops and promises. It has learned what telephone companies in other cities can do, and do profitably, for their patrons. It knows that its telephone business is the biggest in the country.

New York has made up its mind to have a uniform five-cent rate for telephone calls throughout the length and breadth of the Greater City. Its patronage has long since justified the claim.

It now registers its demand with every right to expect prompt and definite results.

We can well understand the indignation of the bankers at the remarks of Mr. Yuskum of the busted Frisco System to the effect that he kept himself and his railroad as close to the banking interests as possible.

Bankers know all about green goods. They don't keep 'em, but they sell 'em. What earthly excuse have experienced bankers for not passing the articles up when the greenness is too pronounced? Trade customs vary. A rotten squash can be returned to the grocer. But a rotten security must stick on in the hands of the perpetually "innocent" investor. To think of anybody classing bankers with such!

## THE PLIGHT OF COL. GOETHALS.

WE WONDER if any man on earth is in such a fix as Col. Goethals. Now that he is on the point of completing one of the greatest and most glorious tasks in the history of the world his proud and admiring country is at its wit's end to find something big enough for him to do next!

The builder of the Panama Canal, "the best equipped man in America," can, of course, have the job of managing the City of Dayton or possibly running the police force of New York, or even governing the Canal Zone. But the Colonel's friends and admirers will echo the esteemed Tribune: "These offices are all worthy of big men, but how pitifully inadequate they seem as fields for the exercise of this man's genius."

The situation is extraordinary. There is only one way out. It is up to the nation to undertake some new colossal wonder worthy of Col. Goethals. Otherwise this unhappy man will have nothing to do but sit himself down like Alexander after he had conquered the world and sigh for new ones.

Whether you say "Napoleons" or "Napoleans" or "Napoleonians," if you mean odds and ends "touchin' on and appertainin' to" Napoleon, we get you.

## WHAT PER CENT. GRAFT IN THIS ASPHALT?

THE John Doe inquiry is giving taxpayers an insight into the way roads are made in the Empire State.

It appears one of the first principles of good roadmaking is to frame specifications that will admit the asphalt of only one company and then systematically to complain to State officials if any other asphalt is used.

Experts testify that the presence of sulphur has nothing to do with good asphalt. But Barber asphalt being the only asphalt that contains more than two per cent. of sulphur, a convenient clause in the requirements demanding that amount gives the Barber Company the whole field and enables it to pay the McGuires half a cent rake-off on every gallon of asphalt sold to the State or to State contractors.

Good roads are admitted to be a test of civilization. Measured by that standard New York stands low in the scale.

But what kind of roads are likely to result from materials selected by graft, mixed with graft and laid on a foundation of graft?

Who was the grafter, we wonder, who trimmed the contracts for the Applan Way?

## Letters From the People

## The Watch Problem.

Some time ago the following problem appeared in The Evening World: "If a watch for \$47.25 and made as many per cent. profit as the watch cost \$47.25. What did it cost?" Or course arithmetic is largely a matter of common sense and one is privileged to make or use rules for solving problems given to the extent of experimenting; therefore the following solution is offered: The problem sits down to this question: What number (in dollars)

multipled by itself (in per cent.) plus profit (in dollars) will equal \$47.25? It is obvious that it is some number under the selling price (\$47.25). And for the sake of experiment suppose we take \$40.00 as per cent., which equals \$16.00 profit. Added to cost (\$40.00) this will make \$56.00, which is incorrect. Next try \$35.00 per cent., and we get \$16.25 profit, added to the cost (\$40.00), equals \$56.25, which is correct. Therefore we have cost, \$40.00, and profit \$16.25, or in dollars, \$56.25, equaling \$47.25, the selling price of the watch.

WALTER A. WENNER.

Thirty-button boots are coming from Paris. They are for girls, not for fat men.—Toledo Blade.

Maybe people would have more faith in the Weather Bureau if it wore long white whiskers and smoked a cornucop pipe.

Anybody who can get up in the morning with a feeling of exhilaration has enough motive power to run him through the day.

Thirty-button boots are coming from Paris. They are for girls, not for fat men.—Toledo Blade.

Thy art thou, then a girl of twenty-one. She married Sir William Hamilton, British Ambassador to Naples, and with her extraordinary fascination and high position rapidly became known as the most beautiful woman in all Europe. Her many romances reached a climax when she met Lord Nelson in 1793 and completely enthralled the naval hero, forsaking both the heartbroken Romney and her own husband. When Lord Nelson died, in 1805, he bequeathed Lady Hamilton most of his possessions.

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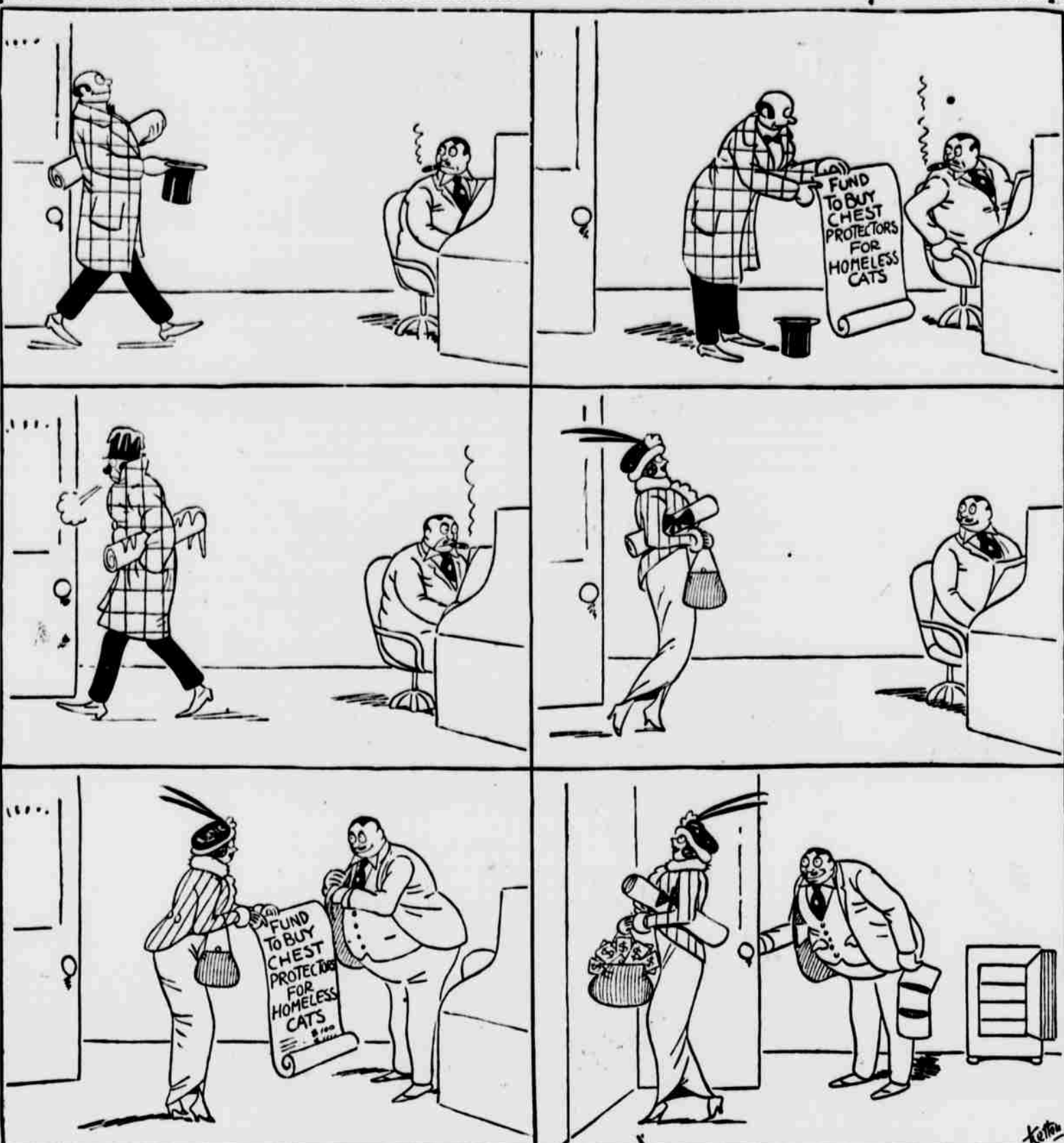
By Randolph Colclough Wilson.

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## Such Is Life!

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By Maurice Ketten



## The Jarr Family.



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"I like Mr. Slavinsky," said Mr. Jarr. "I don't see what use the Uptown Business Men's Association is to me."

"If you will excuse me, being a stranger in your midst, as it were," spoke up Dr. Gumm, the dental new-comer to the neighborhood. "I should say that such an organization would mean much to local business advancement. Take my case: I am a graduate dentist. For four years I was first-class operator in the Perkins Dental Studios. I am now looking for myself. What better than for me than I should at once join the Uptown Business Men's Association?"

"Oh his money now!" whispered Gus; but Dr. Gumm affected not to hear the sibilant whisper.

"Sure, it's a good thing," said Bepler the butcher. "Look at Ed Jarr here."

"I beg your pardon," replied Mr. Dinkston suavely. "But if you had studied the sign language you would have comprehended the symbolic gestures I made when I came in with Dr. Gumm."

"I didn't hear them," growled Gus, while the rest sat silent. "Why, I entered the room with an air that plainly said, 'Look out for men who wear whiskers or play the piano or who belong to military organizations!' But you would not take the warning."

"How did we know he played the piano or was a military guy?" asked Muller, the grocer, wofully. "That five dollars Ed Jarr has is gone to fill his halloo tooth."

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## Now Mr. Jarr Has Lost Five Dollars! And It Was All His Own Fault, Too

## Great Masterpieces of Art

13—LADY HAMILTON AS A BACCHANTE, by Romney.

Owned by Tankerville Chamberlyne, Esq., London.

(George Romney, English Portrait School, 1734-1802.)

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## LITTLE CAUSES OF BIG WARS

By ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE

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15.—A Shipwreck That Led to the Conquest of England.

BIG, yellow-haired man was shipwrecked off the Norman coast in 1064. He was on what might now be called a yachting cruise. His fragile little ship ran on the Norman rocks. And as an indirect result England was, two years later, plunged in a war that made it, for the time, a mere province of Normandy.

The yellow-haired man was Harold, son of an old Saxon politician, Earl Godwin. Godwin had run England pretty much to suit himself. At his death Harold took the reins of power into his own hands, although the nominal King was weak old Edward the Confessor, whose subjects were rough, unruly Saxons, ever quarrelling among themselves.

Across the channel, in Normandy, a hawk-faced